

# The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, 1885.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## New Goods! New Prices!

The strike of the Pittsburgh Trainmen which caused the delay of our Goods is all settled now, and they are coming in just as fast as they can be unloaded. As previously announced, these Goods were bought under the most favorable circumstances. Our buyer had struck the market in the dull and most depressing condition. Now avail yourself of the rare opportunity to attend a

## Slaughter Sale

Like we propose to open in a few days, no out of prices on goods carried over by any retailer will commence to touch the prices of our newly made purchases all other Goods on hand will be sold correspondingly.

## DON'T FORGET

The Principal Features:

Linen and House-keeping Goods,  
Embroideries,

Silks and

Dress Goods.

The space does not allow us to quote prices.

**Louis Wolf & Co.,**

54 Calhoun Street.

Also sell Domestic Perfect Fitting Paper Patterns.

**JAMES FOX,**

DEALER IN

Hard and Soft Coal,

Wood, Kindling

and Coke.

Railroad Street, near Calhoun. All orders promptly attended to and delivered to any part of the city.

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Dec 18-1m

**J. P. TINKHAM,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

**LONG AND SHORT WOOD,**

**HARD AND SOFT COAL.**

OFFICE, 120 WEST MAIN STREET.

**FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.**

Var on N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R. (Sept 25-0m)

P. M. O'LEARY, M. D. R. M. O'LEARY, M. D.

**T. P. & H. McCullough,**

**PHYSICIANS.**

Office 150 Harrison Street.

## THE MARKETS.

Wheat Market.

Chicago, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat, duik, No. 2 red, cash and January, nominally 81; February, 82; March, 83; asked; May, 85; bid. No. 2 soft, 84.  
Corn, firm and dull; No. 2 cash 43; January, 43; asked; February, 42; May, 43; bid.  
Oats, strong; No. 2 cash 30; bid; February, 31; bid; May, 34; bid.  
Cloverseed, dull; prime, cash, January and February, 4.90 asked.  
Dressed hog, 5.25.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79; cash and January; 79; February; 80; March; 81; asked; May.  
Corn, lower; 87; cash, January and February; 37; March; 41; asked; May.  
Oats, lower; 27; cash, January and February; 28; March; 31; May.  
Barley, steady; 63.  
Rye, nominal; 63.  
Flaxseed, steady; 1.47.  
Pork, shade cooler; 12.00 January and March; 12.40 May.  
Lard, steady; 6.77; January; 6.80 February; 6.87; March; 7.05 May.

## DYNAMITERS

Succeeded in Wrecking the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall in London.

Several Lives Lost and a Number of People Severely Injured—A Clue Found.

What O'Donovan Rossa Says—Scene of the Explosion—Incidents of the Disaster.

Blown Up With Dynamite.

LONDON, Jan. 24, 3 p. m.—An alarming explosion has just occurred in the house of parliament. The houses of parliament and government offices were severely shaken and considerable damage was done. The report of the explosion was heard in Downing street. Great excitement prevailed and immense crowds assembled at the scene of the explosion. The origin of the explosion is wrapped in mystery, but is believed to have been caused by dynamite.

The explosion occurred close to the house of lords, near Westminster hall. It is reported that the explosive was placed in the crypt under the building. Policemen said the force of the shock was tremendous and was felt at a great distance. The amount of damage done is very great. Rumors are current at this hour that another explosion occurred at two o'clock this afternoon at the London tower.

The excitement increases with every moment and the city is filled with flying rumors. There were two explosions instead of one as first supposed. The second came about three minutes after the first. One was near the house of commons and the other at Westminster hall. One man was arrested near the scene of the explosion. The detective force is hard at work now seeking further developments, which are anxiously awaited, particularly by the people in the neighborhood of Westminster hall.

Rumors regarding the explosion at London tower are confirmed. The outrage was the most successful yet made upon any of the public buildings since the inauguration of the present era of dynamite warfare. The famous old building was crowded with visitors at the time and the wildest rumors are in circulation as to the number of persons injured. These rumors are being circulated through the city and are constantly exaggerated by visitors present at the time. Up to 4 o'clock but fifteen persons have been officially reported as injured by the explosion, none mortally.

The attack was made on that portion of the building known as "White Tower." It was fairly filled with visitors at the time, and most if not all of those hurt were moving about in the tower at the time of the explosion. The tower is almost completely wrecked by the force of the explosion. The roof was blown clear off the structure and all persons known to have been injured were visitors. The police the moment they realized the nature of the explosion effectually barred all egress from the tower and are now subjecting every person detained to a most rigid search upon the theory that the attack was perpetrated by some person or persons inside the premises.

Saturday being the usual visiting day at the houses of parliament, the buildings contained a large number of sight seekers at the time of the explosion. Immediately before the first explosion a lady visitor who was alone, and about to enter the Westminster hall, beckoned to a policeman and called his attention to a package lying upon the steps outside of the Crypt. The policeman picked up the package carelessly, not suspecting anything, and went with it out to Westminster hall. He no sooner reached the hall than the package exploded, causing fatal injuries. The shock also prostrated two policemen and a man and woman near.

The windows in Westminster hall were blown into atoms. Gladstone's seat in the house of commons was badly broken. The visitors in the house of commons were panic stricken and many ladies were badly crushed in the rush for the doors and the lobby was completely demolished.

A clue to the perpetrators is thought to have been discovered. Just before the explosion a man and woman passed between them a hand bag just outside the parliament yard and then entered a

closed carriage and drove rapidly away. They had not gone far when the report of the explosion was heard and the cabman stopped his vehicle and the man and woman at once leaped out, but the cabman soon caught them and they were held until the police arrived.

It is a prevalent belief that the destructive agent was carried into the house by visitors. The extent of damages is much greater than was at first supposed. The western extremity of the house was wrecked and there is no doubt but the explosive was placed under the piers of the gallery on the government side of the house. All the woodwork on that part of the building is shattered and a wide hole was made through the floor. The gallery was displaced and even the solid stone work of the doorways were pulverized.

A large number of visitors at the "White Tower," when the second explosion occurred, were children who had their faces and hands badly torn by the broken glass.

What O'Donovan Rossa Says.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—When O'Donovan Rossa was told about the explosion in the house of parliament he said he was glad to hear the news and that the houses of parliament ought to have been blown up long ago, and he had been preaching and collecting money to fight England with for the last five years. When asked if he knew anything about the explosion he shook his head and said he had nothing to say.

Remanded for Trial.

WHITEWATER, Wis., January 23.—The examination of Miss Nellie Horan, who, by the coroner's jury, was held on a charge of having poisoned her sister, Anna, two months ago, was concluded to-day and resulted in the young lady being remanded to jail to await trial. The examination has been in progress four days and during the last two the evidence produced has been very damaging to the defendant, disclosing facts of the death of her mother and sisters, all of whom died under suspicious circumstances within the past few years.

An Infernal Machine Discovered.

CHICAGO, January 23.—A young man, whose real name is Otto Funk, was arrested last night, having in his possession a large number of books stolen from the public library. The books were seized at his residence, which were found to be in large boxes. These boxes were removed to the new city hall building to-day. When the discovery was made that among them were six or eight infernal machines containing dynamite, anyone of which was sufficient to blow to pieces the entire building, consternation reigned at the police headquarters. When the discovery was made a number of startling rumors were at once put afloat. Funk, who was interrogated, said he was only experimenting. The matter is still a mystery.

The box found among the stolen books, was one foot long and six inches deep. Inside of it was a lot of sawdust packed about a revolver. The sawdust was saturated with glycerine. A little crank, made up of thick wire, was attached to the outside of the box, and still another box, about twice the size of the first one described, fitted with dozen packages of dynamite. Funk has been known as J. C. Talbert, and was a student at the Chicago medical college and contents that he was experimenting for scientific purposes only. The detectives, however, are devoted in their views, and contend that he intended to commit suicide by this method if arrested. The statement was also made that he was an active socialist, but this was denied. The statement is made by the police that if the machine had exploded its force would have certainly demolished the city hall building and occasioned frightful loss of life.

A Suit for Millions.

INDIANAPOLIS, January 23.—J. A. Phillips, of the firm of Phillips & Stewart, attorneys of St. Louis, was in the city to-day for the purpose of bringing suit in the state court against the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific railroad company, on behalf of the central trust company, of New York, and James Cheney. The complaint is a copy of one filed in Toledo and other cities. Mr. Phillips explains that the reason for bringing this suit here is to get it before a court of competent jurisdiction, as in all other places the defendants have had the suit transferred to the federal court and the road is now being operated under receivers appointed by the United States court at the instance of the officers of the corporation. Mr. Cheney, one of the plaintiffs, is a resident of Fort Wayne, and as the mortgage sought to be foreclosed covers the main line, leased lines and branches, it is held that the suit can be maintained here. The demand is for \$50,000,000. Fifty thousand and one thousand dollar bonds were issued in June, 1880, by the trust company, guaranteed by the Wabash, and in June, 1884, the semi-annual interest was defaulted.

W. C. Frazer has purchased an interest in the Lafayette Journal, and expects to take possession about the 1st of February.

## EPISTOLARY.

The Plenary Council of the Roman Catholic Church Write to North Germany,

And their Letter Addressed to the Archbishop Suppressed by the Authorities.

"We Weep with You in Your Sorrows and Rejoice in Your Joys."

A Letter Sent to the Catholic Arch Bishop and Bishops of North Germany.

BALTIMORE, January 23.—The following letter to the Catholic arch bishop and bishops of North Germany, issued by the Plenary Council recently in session in Baltimore, has just been made public. The letter, which is signed by Arch Bishop Gibbons, has been kept secret until this time—until all danger of the original being stopped by the German government in transmission had passed. Its publication has already been prohibited in Germany. It is as follows:

"To the Most Reverend and Most Esteemed Arch Bishop and Bishops of North Germany:

"The arch bishops and bishops of the United States of North America send their greeting and praise of love and honor which we have felt, singly, scattered as we are, over this broad land, during last decennial, toward your respected brethren; even in the depths of your soul, we wish you were now assembled in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore to declare aloud your merit or dismeritorable sufferings wherein you endured the great lights which have filled us with grief. The sympathy lent your steadfast patience by which you were made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men, inspired us with no less joy and admiration, that you were ready to become martyrs of Christ. You have become in reality confessors of the faith. For, with unconquerable courage you bore all the injustices that were inflicted upon yourselves and your beloved flocks—calumnies, threats, robbery, persecution, imprisonment and exile. You have loved justice, and hated iniquity, therefore, one of your number suffered a glorious death in exile; in which, alas, two others still remain, separated from you. In truth, your sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and your words unto the end of the world, and these words were words of grief and complaint at the unnumbered trespasses against the rights of Christ—sacriligious profanation of temples, snatched from the true worship of God, closing of schools, colleges, seminaries and other institutions of christian charity, banishment of religion and imprisonment of the clergy, unavailing demands of the faithful for the word of God and sacraments of salvation, even at the hour of death—words of strength and long animosity, for everywhere and always, kings and princes and peoples of the earth you have courageously defended the rights and privileges of the church, quailing before no one and yielding only to brute force. The words of patience and of prudence of which you instructed the faithful under you, after the example of our Lord and His saints, rather to suffer wrong than do it, and seek peace by this blessed means, you succeeded in maintaining them in the so-called 'passive' resistance which was so hard, but at the same time so truly christian that the words of Godliness and confidence by which you excited in all the spirit of prayer, in the firm hope of help from above, would not be wanting to you and yours and that you all succeed in passing through the cross to light. The words, in fine, of goodness and charity, you, yourselves praying to the Lord for your enemies and blessing those that curse you, these, your splendid words and examples, have from the very beginning of the painful struggle produced a most salutary effect, for to them is chiefly due the admirable fidelity of your flocks and the invincible steadfastness of your priests, as well as is grand and truly admirable the firmness of the laymen, who publicly defend religious and civil liberty and by their fearlessness and prudence to their moderation and perseverance drew upon themselves the admiration of the whole world. Had even one of you allowed himself to be ensnared by the wiles and seductions of your enemies, or terrified on their threats and deeds, what joy would have been to your opponents? What sorrow to children of faith? How lamentable a confusion of opinions and relations? How the irreparable loss to faith and injury to morals? But on the contrary each and all by the unshaken unity of faith, unanimity of opinions and communion of sufferings, have fortified the pulse of believers in their faith, raised their hopes, united them in charity. You have defeated aims of enemies and shown to the world, clear as day, that you are genuine apostles of truth and justice, and that the church of Christ is the most solid basis of worldly power

and the safest breast work of civil security. Permit us, honored brethren of glory and the model of Episcopal successors of Clemens, August and Martinus, whom the fathers of the fourth provincial council of Baltimore in the year of 1840, saluted as the new basilides and permit us to weep with you in your sorrows, and rejoice with you in your joys. At no time in this decennium have you been without joy. You rejoice with the joy of apostles, because you were found worthy to suffer the reproach for the name of Jesus, but now it seems as if that your sorrow will be turned into joy. Many of your churches, robbed of their shepherds, have changed their mourning robes of their widowhood for the bright wedding garments, to your number from obscurity and banishment which they sanctify by every virtue have returned again to clear light and of love. Those of you, whom the precious death of saints has not yet admitted to the vision of the Lord, and who have not been kept away by glorious exile, have gathered around the grave of the immortal apostle of Germany, who himself, it is true, was martyred with the gospel in his hand, but who can never be conquered in his followers. Your invincible firmness shows clearly once more that the church of the oppressed is the church of the victors.

May your joy soon be perfect. May the mighty ones of the earth, overcome by your steadfastness and guided by better advisers, recall entirely those most unfortunate laws which were the cause of your conflict and the foundation of your sorrows. May the priests and people continue to hear your voice, follow your counsel, imitate your example, so at last perfect peace and perfect freedom may be restored to your church. May it be granted to you, for many years to come, before the priceless crown of heavenly joy is set upon your heads, to rule your flock with that liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, so that we are not children of bond woman but of the free, with that freedom which we here enjoy to a great advantage and the blessing of the state not less than of the church, and in that place which angels sang on earth to men and the good will which Christ himself, risen from the suffering and death, wished to his apostles when he said, "go, and peace be to you," that this be done. May our prayers united to yours in faith, hope, and charity be heard by the almighty and merciful Lord and God. Be blessed then, honored brethren to accept this testimony of our love and admiration, which springs from our very hearts. (Signed) JAMES GIBBONS, Arch bishop of Baltimore Apostolic delegate.

Running Down the Escaped Mexican Murderers.

YUMA, Ariz., January 23.—Governor Villagranas, of Lower California, has arrived. He left Encana, Mexico, with a volunteer force of twenty men. They encountered a party of escaped Mexican murderers and killed one, captured nine. These are being held in Mexican territory. One of the governor's party was killed. Lopez was encountered but escaped. The object of Villagranas' visit is to secure the return of the prisoners captured by the American troops. Doubts exist whether Lieutenant McDonald is in close pursuit of the remainder of the gang, and it is almost certain that all will be captured or killed.

Found Frozen.

QUEBEC, January 23.—The bad roads which have prevailed in the country districts since the great storm of Saturday last delayed the receipts of information from the back parishes of its distressing nature. Reports from St. Annes report four men frozen to death; that in the vicinity the bodies of two were recovered. The other two bodies are supposed to have been covered by the storm. A Mr. Langlois was found frozen to death last Sunday near his residence in the village of Actonville. A farmer was also found frozen to death near the latter place.

Joining the Rest of the Gang.

NEW YORK, January 23.—There is considerable trouble among the Shinnecock Indians on Long Island. A majority of the tribe opposed the sale of Shinnecock hill to the Long Island railroad, but the trustees consummated the sale and pocketed the money. One of the trustees, a leading man of the tribe, got the money and fled with it to Canada. The Indians intend bringing a suit to question the validity of the sale and regain possession of the land.

Newspaper Change.

ST. PAUL, January 23.—George K. Shaw, who recently sold stock in the Minneapolis Evening Journal to Nimcock Bros., to-day purchased the St. Paul Evening Dispatch, not only acquiring Captain Castle's interest, but Mr. Colos'. The transfer will not be made for a few weeks. Mr. Shaw pays \$40,000 for the Dispatch.

Preventing the Spread of Plague-Pneumonia.

WILMINGTON, Del., January 23.—The state veterinarian association is about to resort to inoculation to prevent the spread of plague-pneumonia. The virus for the operation is obtained from the lungs of affected cattle and applied in the same way as ordinary vaccine virus.

## A BRUTE.

Now a Fugitive from Justice for a Nameless Crime—His Victim a Mere Child.

A Wabash Train Wrecked Causing Loss of Life and Obstructing the Road.

A Train Wrecked in Canada—The New Haven Savings Bank Failure—Other News.

A Brute's Work.

HAZLETON, Pa., Jan. 24.—An abominable outrage was committed recently at Stockton, a mining village near this place. The victim was Mary Jane Collins, a child not five years old, who was taken sick, when it was found that she had been subjected a most brutal assault and was suffering from a loathsome disease. The investigation proved that David Jennings, a miner, was her assailant. The miscreant fled.

Wreck on the Wabash.

EDWARDSVILLE, Ill., Jan. 23.—The Chicago express train on the Wabash road was thrown from the track by a broken rail seven miles from here at about 9 o'clock last night. The engine tender and express car were derailed and the engineer probably fatally injured. The fireman, baggage master and express messenger are seriously hurt. The track is so obstructed that trains this morning could not pass.

The Work of Nightlife.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 24.—Excitement is rife to-day at the attempted assassination of Police Superintendent Holbert. He was attacked by two strangers in one of the main thoroughfares in broad daylight this morning. The assailants shot at him and then fled. Both have been identified as well known nihilists.

The Fire Record.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 24.—The milling and drilling building of the Whitney Arms company in Whitneyville, burned this morning. Loss on machinery, \$30,000; on stock, \$20,000. The building was damaged \$10,000. Covered by insurance.

Train Wreck in Canada.

MONTREAL, Jan. 24.—The express going east was derailed a half mile from here on the Canada Pacific Railway this morning and three cars were burned. Two men were killed and several severely injured.

They Refuse to Sign.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 23.—It was stated this morning that the Northern Pacific will refuse to sign the agreement made in the Trans-Continental meeting unless the eight per cent, which they were to pay to southern roads, is rebated. The Northern Pacific claims that without the Oregon railway navigation company the steamers of the southern roads would have no Portland connection. The exact amount of the rebate claimed is not known, but it is believed to be one-third of the eight per cent.

The "Battered Briton" Wins.

CHICAGO, January 23.—The mixed wrestling match to-night between James Faulkner, of England, and John Robshaw, of Chicago, best three in five, for a purse of \$400, was decided in favor of the Englishman. The first and third bouts, which Gracoe-Roman style, were given Faulkner on bouts. The second bout was catch-as-catch-can and Faulkner won by a fair-arms hold. The audience was fair.

Legally Choked.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., January 23.—A special from Charleston, Ill., to the Post-Dispatch says, Thomas J. Champman, a farm hand, convicted of murdering Nicholas Hubbard, his employer, a well-to-do huckster farmer, near the village of Humboldt, Sunday evening, August 17, 1884, was hanged at 2 o'clock this afternoon. He had nothing to say and not even a prayer was offered.

Only a Joke.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., January 23.—There was a run on the New Haven savings bank this afternoon. Excitement is increasing, but the bank officers assert that the bank is all right, and the run is caused by some one joking about the bank's condition.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 24.—Long before the opening hour of the New Haven savings bank, Orange street, in the vicinity of the bank, was thronged with anxious depositors, and by 9 o'clock 200 persons were in line. Policemen stood guard at the outer door and prevented the banking-room from being jammed. As one depositor withdrew another was admitted. Fully half the crowd consisted of females. The officials of the bank say they are perfectly able to meet all demands.







# LOVE OR MONEY.

The Best Story of the Season.

(Continued from last Saturday.)

CHAPTER XVI.

REMINISCENCES.—THE FALSE ACQUAINTANCE.—THE SECRET EXPLORED.

The secret hung on a thread. Hope, after denouncing Bartley, as we have described, was rushing across to Mary, and what he would have said or done in the first impulse of his wrath, who can tell?

But the quick-witted Bartley took the alarm, and literally collared him. "My good friend," said he, "you don't know me. I am not the young man to whom you are alluding. I have borne with patience, but now this insolent man has forbidden his son to court her, and that to her face; as if we wanted his son or him. Haven't I forbidden the connection?"

"We are agreed for once," said the Colonel, and carried his son off bodily, sore against his will.

"Yes," shrieked Bartley, after him; "only I did it like a gentleman, and did not make the young man to his face for loving my daughter."

"Let me hear what Mary says," was Hope's reply.

"Mr. Hope," said Mary, "did you ever know papa to be hard on me before? He is vexed because he feels I am lowered. We have both been grossly insulted, and he may well be in a passion. But I am very unhappy."

"In it possible?" said Hope, beginning to relent a little.

"It is true," replied Mary.

Bartley then drew Hope aside, and said, "See what confidence I place in you. Now show me your trust is not misplaced." Then he left them together.

Hope came to Mary and said, tenderly, "What can I say or do to comfort you?"

Mary shook her head. "I asked you to mend my prospects; but you can't do that. They are desperate. You can do nothing for me now but comfort me with your kind voice. And mend my poor wrist—hal hal hal oh! oh!" (Hysterical.)

"What?" cried Hope, in sudden alarm; "is it hurt? Is it sprained?"

Mary recovered her composure. "Oh no," said she, "only twisted a little. Papa was so rough."

Hope went into a rage again. "Perdition!" cried he, "I'll go and find this once for all."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said the quick-witted girl. "Oh, Mr. Hope, would you break my heart altogether, quarrelling with papa? Be reasonable. I tell you with certainty that that old monster insulted him so. If he hurts for all that," said she, naively, and held him out a lovely white wrist with a red mark on it.

Hope inspected it. "Poor little wrist," said he, "I think I can cure it." Then he went into his office for something to bind it with.

But he had spoken those few words as one speaks to an afflicted child: There was a mellow softness and an undisciplined paternity in his tones—and what more natural, the girl being in pain?

But Mary's ear was so acute that these tones carried her out of the present situation, and seemed to stir the depths of memory. She felt into a little reverie, and asked herself had she not heard a voice like that many years ago.

She was puzzling herself a little over this when Hope returned with a long thin band of white Indian cotton, steeped in water, and taking her hand gently, began to bind her wrist with great lightness and delicacy. And as he bound it he said, "There, the pain will soon go."

Mary looked at him full and said, "I believe it will." Then, very thoughtfully, "It did—before."

These three simple words struck Hope as rather strange.

"It did before," said he, and stared at her. "Why, when was that?"

Mary said, in a hopeless sort of way, "I don't know when, but long before your time."

"Before my time, Mary? What are you older than me?" And he smiled sweetly on her.

"One would think not. But let me ask you a question, Mr. Hope?"

"Yes, Mary."

"Have you lived two lives?"

Said Hope, solemnly, "I have lived through great changes, but only one life."

"Well, then," said Mary, "I have lived two; or more likely it was one life, only some of it in another world—my other world, I mean."

Hope left off binding her wrist, and said, "I don't understand you." But his heart began to palpitate.

The words that passed between them were now so strange that both their voices sank into solemnity, and had an acute observer listened to them he would have noticed that these two mellow voices had similar beauties, and were pitched exactly in the same key, though there was, of course, an octave between them.

"Understand me? How should you? It is all so strange, so mysterious. I have never told a soul; but I will tell you. You won't laugh at me?"

"Laugh at you? Only fools laugh at what they don't understand. Why Mary, I hang on every word you say with breathless interest."

"Dear Mr. Hope! Well, then, I will tell you. Sometimes in the silent night, when the present does not glare at one, the past comes back to me dimly, and I seem to have lived two lives; one long, one short—too short. My long life in a comfortable house, with servants and carriages and all that. My short life in different places, but in the same key, but large places; all was free and open, and there was always a kind voice in my ear—like yours; and a tender touch—like yours."

Hope was restraining himself with difficulty, and here he could not help uttering a faint exclamation.

To cover it he took her wrist again, and bending his head over it, he said, almost in a whisper, "And the face?"

Mary's eyes turned inward, and she seemed to scan the past.

"The face?" said she, "the face I can not recall. But one thing I can remember clearly. This is the first time my wrist was bound up so tenderly. He did it for me in that other world, just as you do in this one."

Hope now thrilled all over at this most unexpected revelation. But though he gazed with delight and curiosity, he put on a calm voice and manner and

begged her to tell him everything else she could remember that happened in that other life.

Finding him so serious, so sympathetic, and so interested, put this remarkable girl on her mettle. She began to think very hard, and show that intense power of attention she had always in reserve for great occasions.

"Then you must not touch me nor speak to me," said she, "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body trembled, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Let me—see."

A pause.

"Were they swans?"

"Or ships?"

"They floated down the river to the sea."

She paused.

"The kind voice beside me said; 'Darling! Papa never calls me 'darling'."

"Yes, yes," whispered Hope, almost panting.

"Darling, we must go with them to some other land, for we are poor." She paused and thought hard. "Poor we must have been; very poor. I can see that now that I am rich." She paused and thought hard. "But all was peace and love. There were two of us, yet we were one."

Then in a moment Mary left the past, her eyes resigned the film of thought, and shone with the lustre of her great heart, and she burst at once into that simple eloquence which no hearer of hers from John Baker to William Hope ever resisted. "All sweet memories, treasures of the past, why are you so dim and wavering, and this hard world so clear and glaring it seems cut out of stone? Oh, if I had a fairy's wand, I'd say, 'Vanish this house and servants—vanish this wealth and luxury and strife; and you come back to me, sweet hours of peace and poverty—and love.'"

Her arms were stretched out with a grace and ardor that could amaze even the most fastidious, when a choking sob struck her ear. She turned her head swiftly, and there was William Hope, his hands working, his face convulsed, and the tears running down his cheeks like the very rain.

It was no wonder. Think of it! The child he adored, yet had parted with to save her from dire poverty, remembered that sad condition to ask for it back again, because of his love that made it sweet to her after all these years of comfort. And of late he had been jealous, and snarled, or thought, he had no great place in her heart, and never should have.

Ah, it is a rarity to shed tears of joy! The thing is familiarly spoken of, but the truth is that many pass through this world of tears and never shed them as such. Mary and William had shed them in congratulating William Hope for this blissful moment after all he had done and suffered.

But the sweet girl who so surprised that manly heart, and drew those heavenly tears, had not the key. She was shocked, surprised, distressed. She burst out crying directly from blind womanly sympathy; and then she looked herself to ask, "Oh, Mr. Hope! what have I done? Ah! I have touched some chord of memory. Wicked, selfish girl, to distrust my own dreams."

"Distress me, cry, Hope. These tears you have drawn from me are pearls of memory and drops of balm to my sore, tired heart. I, too, have lived and struggled in a by-gone world. I had a lovely child; she made me rich in my poverty, and happy in my homelessness. She left me—"

"Poor Mr. Hope!"

"Then I went abroad, drugged in foreign mines, came home and saw my child again in my life. I need no fairy's wand to revive the past; you are my fairy; your sweet words revive those long scenes, and wealth, ambition, all I live for now, vanishes into smoke. The years themselves roll back, and all is once more peace—and poverty—and love."

"Dear Mr. Hope!" said Mary, and put her forehead upon his shoulder.

After a while she said, timidly, "Dear Mr. Hope, now I feel I can trust you with anything." Then she looked down in charming confusion. "My reminiscences—these are certainly a great mystery to you, I am permitted."

"Is the consent of some other person necessary?"

"Not exactly necessary, Mr. Hope."

"But advisable."

Mary nodded her head.

"Then take your time," said Hope. He took out his watch, and said: "I want to go to the mine. My right-hand man reports that a ruffian has been caught lighting his pipe in the most dangerous part after the warning. I must stop that game at once, or we shall have a fatal accident. But I will be back in half an hour. You can rest in my office if you are here first. It is nice and cool."

Hope hurried away on his errand, and Mary was still looking after him, when she heard his feet, and up came Walter Clifford, escaped from his father. He slipped off his horse directly at sight of Mary, and they came together like steel and magnet.

"Oh, Walter," said Mary, "you are not so unfortunate as we were just now. We have a powerful friend. Where are you going in such hurry?"

"That is a good joke. Why, did you not order me to the lakes?"

"Oh yes, for Julia's bracelet. I forgot all about that."

"Very likely; but it is not my business to forget your orders."

"The Walter! Oh, dearest, things of more importance have happened since then. We have been insulted. Oh, how we have been insulted!"

"That we have," said Walter, sternly.

"And nobody knows the truth."

"Not yet."

"And our secret oppresses me—torments me—degrades me."

"Pray don't say that."

"Forgive me. I can't help saying it. I feel it so bitterly. Now, dear, I will walk a little way with you, and tell you what I want you to do in five days; and you will be a darling, as you always are, and consent."

Then Mary told him Mr. Hope had just shown her singular affection; next she reminded him of the high tone Mr. Hope had taken with her father in his hearing. "Why," said she, "there is some mysterious compact about me between papa and him. I don't think I shall ever have the courage to ask him about that. I distrust him; but I can depend upon Mr. Hope, and trust him. So now, dear, I want you to—indulge your little

wife, and let me take Mr. Hope into our confidence."

To Mary's surprise and disappointment, Walter's countenance fell.

"I don't know," said he, after a pause. "Unfortunately it's not Mr. Bartley only that's against us."

"Well, but, dear," said Mary, "the more people there are against us, the more we need one powerful friend and champion. Now you know Mr. Hope is a man that everybody loves and respects, even your father."

Walter just said, gloomily, "I see objections, for all that; but do as you please."

Mary's tender heart and loving nature couldn't accept an unwilling assent. She turned her eyes on Walter a little reproachfully. "That's the way to make me do what you please."

"I don't intend it so," said Walter. "When a husband and wife love each other as we do, they must give in to each other."

"That's not what we said at the altar."

"Oh, the marriage service is rather one-sided. I promised very different things to you, to marry me, and I mean to stand by them. If you are impatient at all of this secrecy, tell Mr. Hope."

"I can't now," said Mary, a little bitterly.

"Why not, since I consent?"

"An unwilling consent is no consent."

"Mary, you are too tyrannical. How can I downright like a thing I don't like? I yield my will to yours; there's a certain satisfaction in that. I really can say no more."

"Then say no more," said Mary, almost severely.

"At all events give me a kiss at parting."

Mary gave him that directly, but it was not a warm one.

He galloped away upon his errand, and as he paced slowly back toward Mr. Hope's office she was a good deal put out. What should she say to Mr. Hope now? She could not defy Walter's evident wishes, and make a clean breast of the matter. Then she asked herself what was Walter's objection; she couldn't conceive why he was afraid to trust Mr. Hope. It was a perfect puzzle to her.

Indeed this was a most unfortunate dialogue between her and Walter, for it set her mind speculating and guessing at Walter's mind, and thinking all manner of things just at the moment when an enemy, smooth as the old serpent, was watching for an opportunity to make mischief and poison her mind.

Leonard Monckton, who had long been laughing about, waiting to catch her slip, met her returning from Walter Clifford, and he had a hat very respectfully to her, and said:

"Miss Bartley, I think."

Mary lifted her eyes, and saw an elderly man with a pale face and dark eyebrows and a cast of countenance quite unlike that of any of her friends. His face repelled her directly, and she said, very coldly:

"Yes, sir; but I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

Monckton affected not to see that she was declining to communicate with him. He walked on quietly, and said:

"And I have not seen you since you were a child, but I had the honor of knowing your mother."

"You knew my mother, sir?"

"Knew her and respected her."

"What was she like, sir?"

"She was tall and rather dark, not like you."

"I have heard," said Mary, "Well, sir, said she, for his voice was ingratiating, and had modified the effect of his criminal countenance, "as you knew my mother, you are welcome to me."

The artist in deceit gave a little sigh, and said, "That's more than I dare hope. For I am here upon a most unpleasant commission; but for my respect for your mother I would not have undertaken it, for really my acquaintance with the old lady is but slight."

Mary looked at him surprised at this rigmorale, and said, "But this commission, what is it?"

"Miss Bartley," said he, solemnly, yet gravely, "I have been requested to warn you against a gentleman who is deceiving you."

"Who is that?" said Mary, on her guard directly.

"It is a Mr. Walter Clifford."

"Walter Clifford?" said Mary. "You are a slanderer; he is incapable of deceit."

The rogue pretended to brighten up. "Well, I hope so," said he, "and I told the lady as much; he comes from a most honorable stock. So then he has told you about Lucy Monckton?"

"Lucy Monckton?" cried Mary. "No; who is she?"

"Miss Bartley," said the villain, very gravely and solemnly, "she is his wife."

"His wife, sir?" cried Mary, contemptuously. "His wife? You must be mad. I'll let you know as much as I can about his back. Then, threatening her with a monitor: 'He will be home again this evening; he has only ridden to the Lake Hotel; you shall repeat this to his face, if you dare.'"

"It will be my painful duty," said the serpent, meekly.

"His wife!" said Mary, scornfully, but her lips trembled.

"His wife!" replied Monckton, calmly; "a respectable woman whom, it seems, he has deserted these fourteen years. My acquaintance with her is slight, but she is in a good position, and, indeed, she has been very well treated. How is she?"

"How is she?" said Mary, "she is counting you, and as I often visit Derby upon business, she requested me to come over here and warn you in time."

"And do you think," said Mary, scornfully, "I shall believe this from a stranger?"

"Hardly," said Monckton, with every appearance of candor. "Mrs. Walter Clifford directed me to show you his marriage certificate and hers."

"The marriage certificate!" cried Mary, turning pale.

"Yes," said Monckton; "they were married at the Registry Office on the 11th June 1888, and he put his hand in his breast pocket to search for the certificate. He took this opportunity to say, 'You must not think that there is any jealousy or ill feeling after fourteen years' desertion, but she felt it her duty as a woman—'

would be ruined for life, and he would get seven years' penal servitude; and that is a sentence for which gentlemen survive in the present day when prisons are slaughter-houses. There, I have discharged the most disagreeable office I ever undertook in my life; but at all events you are warned in time."

Then he bowed most respectfully to her, and retired, exhaling his peevish venom in a diabolical grin.

She, poor victim, stood there stupefied, pierced with a poisoned arrow, and almost in a state of collapse; then she lifted her hands and eyes for help, and saw Hope's study in front of her. Everything swam confusedly before her; she did not know for certain whether he was there or not; she cried to that true friend for help.

"Mr. Hope—I am lost—I am in the deep waters of despair—save me once more, save me!"

Thus speaking she tottered into the office, and sank all limp and powerless into a chair, unable to move or speak, but still not insensible, and soon her brow sank upon the table, and her hands spread themselves feebly out before her.

It was all villainous spite on Monckton's part. He did not for a moment suppose that his lie could long outlive Walter Clifford's return; but he was getting desperate, and longing to see them all. Unfortunately fate befriended the villain in malice, and the husband and wife did not meet again till that diabolical poison had done its work.

Monckton retired, put off his old man's disguise behind the fir-trees, and went to another of his hiding-places, and enormous oak-tree which stood in the hedge of Hope's cottage garden. The subtle villain had made this hollow tree an observatory, and a sort of saltpore, whence he could play the fiend.

The people at the hotel were as Mary told Julia Clifford, very honest people. They showed Percy Fitzroy's bracelet to one or two persons, and found it was of great value. This made them uneasy, lest something should happen to it under their charge; so the woman sent her husband to the neighborhood of Clifford Hall, to try and find out if there was a lady of that name who had left it. The husband was a simple fellow, very unfit to discharge a delicate commission. He went at first to the public-house; they directed him to the Hall, but he missed it, and encountered a gentleman, whose quick eye fell upon the bracelet, for the foolish man had shown it to so many people that now he was carrying it in his hand, and it blazed in the meridian sun. This gentleman said, "What have you got there?"

"Well, sir," said the man, "it was left at our hotel by a young couple from these parts. Handsome couple, they were, sir, and spending their honeymoon."

"Let me see it," said Mr. Bartley, for he was the gentleman. He had come back in some anxiety to see whether Hope had pacified Mary, or whether he must exert himself to make matters smooth with her again. Whilst he was examining the bracelet, who should appear but Percy Fitzroy, the owner. Not that he came after the bracelet; on the contrary, that impetuous young gentleman discovered during the last two hours that he valued Miss Clifford's love a great deal more than all the bracelets in the world, for all that he was delighted at the unexpected sight of his property. "Why, that's mine," said he. "It's an heirloom. I lent it to Miss Julia Clifford, and when I asked her for it to-day she could not produce it."

"Oh, sir," said Mr. Bartley. "What do the ladies of the house of Clifford go for, and handsome marriages?"

"Certainly," said Percy Fitzroy. "Don't you know the difference between a wedding ring and a bracelet?" Then he turned to the man, "Here's a sovereign for your trouble, my man. Now give me my bracelet."

To his surprise the hotel-keeper put it behind his back instead of giving it to him.

"Nay," said he, shaking his head knowingly, "you are not the gentleman that speaks the honeymoon with the lady at his side. My mistress has said she has not to give it into his hands but hers."

This staggered Percy dreadfully, and he looked from one to another to assist him in solving the mystery.

Bartley came to the assistance of his understanding, but with no regard to the feelings of his heart. "It's clear enough what it means, sir; your sweet-heart is playing you false."

That went through the true lover's heart like a knife, and poor little Percy leaned in despair against Hope's work-shed window transfixed by the poisoned arrow of jealousy.

At this moment the voice of Colonel Clifford was heard, loud and ringing as usual. Julia Clifford had deceived him there in hopes of falling in with Percy and making it up; and to deceive the good Colonel as to her intentions she had been running him down all the way; so the Colonel was bound to say, in a voice of rage, "I have heard that you are here, and I am suspicious. Then you take my advice and give him up at once. You will easily find a better man and a bigger." After delivering this, like the word of command upon parade, the Colonel was crossing the turf, a yard or two higher up than Hope's workshop, when the spirit of revenge moved Bartley to retort upon his insulter.

"Ty, Colonel Clifford!"

The Colonel instantly halted, and marched down with Julia at his arm, like a game-cock when another rooster shows defiance.

"And what can you have to say to me, sir?" was his haughty inquiry.

"To take you down a peg. You rode the high horse pretty hard to-day. The spottish honor of the Cliffords, eh?"

Then, of course, it was fixed bayonets and no quarter.

"Have the Cliffords ever dabbled in trade or trickery? Cool merchants, coal dealers, and coal-whippers may defile our fields with coal dust and smoke, but they cannot defile our honor."

"The men are brave as lions, and the women are chaste as snow," sneered Bartley.

"I don't know about lions and snow. I have often seen a lion turn tail, and the snow is black slush wherever you are. But the Cliffords, being gentlemen, are brave, and being ladies, are chaste."

"Oh, indeed?" hissed Bartley. "Then how comes it that your niece there—whose name is Miss Clifford, I believe—spent what this good man calls a honeymoon, with a young gentleman, at this good man's inn?"

Here the good man in question made a faint endeavor to interpose, but the gentlemen, for their impetuosity completely suppressed him.

"Ty, a gentleman!" cried Julia, haughtily.

"You scoundrels!" roared the Colonel, and shook his staff at him, and seemed on the point of charging him.

But Bartley was not to be put down this time. He snatched the bracelet from the man, and held it up in triumph.

"And left this bracelet there to prove

it was no falsehood."

Then Julia got frightened at the evidence and the terrible nature of the accusation. "Oh!" cried she, in great distress, "can any one here believe that I am a creature so lost? I have not seen the bracelet these two months. I lent it to—oh, here she is! Mary, save me from shame; you know I am innocent."

Mary, who was standing at the window in Hope's study, came slowly forward, pale as death with her own trouble, to do an act of womanly justice.

"Miss Clifford," said she, laughingly, as one to whom all human events were comparatively indifferent—"Miss Clifford lent the bracelet to me, and I left it at that man's inn." This she said right in the middle of them all.

The hotel-keeper took the bracelet from the trembling hand of Bartley, touched his hat, and gave it to her.

"There, mistress," said he, "I could have told them you were the lady, but they would not let a poor fellow get it word in sideways." He retired with an obsequiousness.

Mary handed the bracelet to Julia, and then remained passive.

A dead silence fell upon them all, and a sort of horror crept over Mary Bartley at what must follow; but come what might, no power should induce her to say the word that should send Walter Clifford to jail for seven years.

Bartley came to her; she trembled, and her hands worked.

"What are you saying, that foot?" he whispered. "The lady that left the bracelet was there with a gentleman."

Mary winced.

Then Bartley said, sternly, "Who was your companion?"

"I must not say."

"You will say one thing," said Bartley, "or I shall have no mercy on you. Are you secretly married?"

Then a single word flashed across Mary's almost distracted mind—self-sacrifice. She held her tongue.

"Can't you speak? Are you a wife?" He now began to speak so loud in his anger that everybody heard it.

Mary crouched a little and worked her hands convulsively under the torture, but she answered with such a doggedness that evidently she would have let herself be cut to pieces sooner than said more.

"I don't know," roared Bartley.

Mary pressed, and then, with iron doggedness, "I don't know."

This apparent insult to his common-sense drove Bartley almost mad. "You have given these cursed Cliffords a triumph over me," he cried; "you have brought shame to my door; but it shall never pass the threshold." Here the Colonel uttered a contemptuous short.

This drove Bartley wild altogether; he rushed at the Colonel, and shook his list in his face. "You stand there sneering at my humiliation; now see the example I can make." Then he was down upon Mary in a moment, and literally yelled at her in his fury. "Go to your parlor, girl; go where you will. You never enter my door again." And he turned his back furiously upon her.

This terrible denunciation overpowered poor Mary's resolution; she clung to him in terror. "Oh, mercy, mercy, papa! I'll explain to you, have pity on your child!"

Bartley lunged her so roughly from him that she nearly fell. "You are my child no more."

But at that moment in strode William Hope, looking seven feet high, and his eyes blazing. "Liar and hypocrite," he roared, "she never was your child!" Then, changing to a tone of exquisite love, and stretching out both his hands to Mary, "She is mine!"



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My gratitude to God is unbounded for the relief I have obtained from the use of the Cuticura Remedies. I have been troubled with Eczema on my legs for twenty years. I had not a comfortable night for years. The itching and burning were so intense. Now, I am happy to say, I have no trouble. Only the little colored patches on my limbs remain as a token of my former misery.

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Your most valuable Cuticura remedies have done my child as much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the Cuticura remedies, which speedily cured her. I am very grateful to you many thanks and many nights of rest.

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I was almost perfectly bald, caused by Tetter of the scalp. I used your Cuticura Remedies about six weeks, and your Cuticura Scalp Cure, and my hair is coming back as thick as it ever was.

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I want to tell you that your Cuticura Resolvent is magnificent. I had blotches all over my face was covered with blotches, and after using three bottles of Resolvent I was perfectly cured. **FREDERICK MATTHEW,**  
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For all cases of poisoning by Ivy or dogwood, I can warrant Cuticura. I have used it for five years and it never fails.

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**AMUSEMENTS.**  
**MASONIC TEMPLE.**  
ONE NIGHT ONLY.  
Saturday, January 24th.

**LILLIE CLAY'S CO.,**  
-IN AN-  
**ADAMLESS EDEN.**

The theatre transformed for the above occasion into a Garden of Eden.  
The sale of seats will open Thursday at 11 a. m. Best Reserved Seats 75 cents.

Monday, January 26th.  
The Greatest of All Melodramas, in Five Acts, The

**Crimes of London.**  
Act 1—Waterloo Bridge at Midnight.  
Act 2—Mother Clutch's Dun.  
Act 3—Nowhere Palace.  
Act 4—The Street of Iron.  
Act 5—The Poor's Palace.

**MRS. FANNY BERNARD.**  
Formerly of Fort Wayne, and a Brilliant Melodramatist, is in the cast.  
Box office opens Friday at 11 a. m. No advance in prices. Best seats, 75 cents.

## The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1885.

### THE CITY.

Hon. Morris Cody is quite sick.  
Mrs. J. K. McCracken is quite ill.

The Old's wheel works are temporarily closed.  
The Wabash pay car may come Wednesday.

A Pittsburg mail car was left here this morning for repairs.  
A new book keeper is to be employed at the French brewery.

Judge S. M. Hensch will shortly visit the world's fair at New Orleans.  
The county commissioners are in session to-day as a board of health.

A magnificent new Pullman car went east over the Pittsburg road this morning.  
George Bruner, of Wabash, has secured a position in a shoe store in this city.

It is again "fashionable" to prosecute school teachers for punishing vicious youngsters.  
The Monroe township for hunt was not a success. The weather was not balmy enough.

Will McKinnis's pacing horse "Billy" carried off the honors on the snow yesterday afternoon.

Capt. J. B. White writes his son, Mr. John White, from Hot Springs that his health is much improved.

The last Pullman palace car excursion for San Francisco will leave Toledo via Wabash railway, February 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rosington entertained a large party of friends in a royal way at the Robinson house last night.

The "Crimes of London" party were in the city again to-day en route from Columbus City to Van Wert, where they appear to-night.

The "Goth" and Talmage lectures will be one of the treats of the season. Parties from surrounding towns are forming to attend both lectures.

Sidewalks should be cleaned and Street Superintendent O'Brien tells us he will file affidavits against all who do not comply with the law.

Prof. W. F. Heath gave an organ recital yesterday afternoon to the Grammar school pupils and their friends. Prof. Otto Schmidt assisted.

Mrs. C. F. Pfeiffer, of the Ninth ward, fell from a sleigh yesterday and fractured the bones of an arm. Dr. W. H. Meyers put the limb in splints.

February 4th, the Harrison-Gourley company appear at the Temple in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," and on the 7th, the "Power of Money" combination.

The Wabash company has leased its shops at Moberly, Mo., to the Missouri car and foundry company, and will hereafter purchase its casing of that company at a stipulated price per ton.

M. S. Philley, the popular agent of the Lake Shore road, gives much of his attention to the R. R. Y. M. C. A. during the absence of Secretary Moore, with whom he is in constant communication.

It may interest Catholic Knights here to know that the Catholic Knights of Wisconsin threaten to secede from the national organization unless the death assessments are made proportionate to their membership.

Superintendent Stevens is making efforts to secure the local newspapers published along the line of the road for the use of the patients at the Danville hospital. A number of publishers have generously offered to send them free.

Warren Regen attempted to clean out the cash-box forces at the Fruit House yesterday and succeeded in knocking a kid out when Marshal Meyer looked him up. He is now in jail. The fellow was looked up some time ago for the theft of copper.

The Antwerp, Ohio, *Argus* says that a handsome and talented young lady in Fort Wayne announces that she will marry any nice young man who will take her to the New Orleans exposition. That is all very well, but she makes no pretension about coming back with him, friend *Argus*, says the *Warsaw Times*.

The indications for the lower lake region as reported by the weather bureau at Washington to the *Sentinel* are as follows: Warmer weather with snow, followed by clearing; Sunday by colder, clearing weather, falling barometer; eastern portion, falling followed by rising; western portion, south shifting to westerly winds.

The Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal telegraphs: "A. F. Glutting, a well known real estate dealer and politician of Fort Wayne, is here and will marry Miss Katie Krasnopski before he leaves. Miss Krasnopski formerly lived at Peru, but has been a resident of this city since her father has been in government service in the treasury department." The marriage ceremony will be solemnized next Tuesday and Mr. Glutting's friends will telegraph congratulations.

Mrs. A. D. V. Conover, wife of a former city editor of the *News*, is quite ill.

Frank Forester was fined \$25 for disturbing a church meeting on Holman street.

Wabash passenger train 42 was delayed two hours this morning by the snow storm.

Representative McHenry and his friend, Mr. Fols, visited Purdue university Thursday.

Frank Falkner is in the city. Frank was at Logansport when Sheriff Nelson captured Kelly Frazee.

James Hewes, the well-known foreman of the Pittsburg boiler shop, is wrestling at home with a severe cold.

The supreme court has affirmed the decision of Judge O'Rourke in the case of Samuel Cartwright vs. George Yaw.

Nicholas Heckler was drunk yesterday and Deputy Marshal Brandt locked him up. He went to jail this morning.

Next Monday evening a special meeting of the Northern Indiana Poultry Association occurs at Welch & Baker's office.

Captain Isaac D'Isay was chosen temporary secretary at the National Real Estate convention that met at New Orleans last Tuesday.

Mr. Henry Colerick has a card in a morning paper and nicely disposes of the arguments advanced against his bill by Mr. P. S. O'Rourke.

We learn from Rev. S. A. Northrup, secretary of the pastors' meeting, that it is definitely arranged that the great evangelist, D. L. Moody, will be here the 20th and 21st of February. The object of this convention is for the Christian workers in the city and northeastern Indiana.

The death list for the week is as follows: Sarah Mayer, aged 42 years, inflammation of the bowels; Susan Waters, aged 26, consumption; Daniel Smith, aged 61, consumption; Clarence Hakes, aged 5 months, convulsions; Charles Robbins, aged 55 years, consumption; William Hinen, aged 2 years, croup.

Kit Clark, managing the "Adams-Eben" combination, was captured at Indianapolis Thursday night by the Indiana Bros., of Richmond, for failing to meet an engagement in that city on the 19th inst. Clark denied the liability, and there was a midnight trial before a catch-as-catch-can jury in Squire Feibleman's court. The jury failed to agree.

**WAR ON THE RINKS.**  
The Ministers to Inaugurate it on Roller Skating as a Vicious, Hurtful and Degrading.

Skating rinks are now to come in for a general condemnation from the ministers of the city. The crase, they say, is antagonistic to religious training and a foe to modest social life and profitable pursuits. The accidents attendant on the skating business tends to make girls bold and destroys that modesty so beautiful in woman. They give degraded character an opportunity to mingle with respectable people. Appointments between young men and young girls to meet at the rinks are of common occurrence, and acquaintances are made without the supervision of parents and under circumstances that often lead to no good and much harm. The tendency is to continue until late hours in the evening, breaking up home habits and running rinks of impaired health. Opportunities for indiscretions in going and coming, often the first steps towards vice, are greatly multiplied. Parents who have tried to confine the acquaintances of their children to a wisely selected circle find all limitations disregarded and a recklessness, which overthrows months of training and anxious care, stimulated.

**KELLY FRAZEE.**  
He Refuses to Implicate Himself in the Train Wrecking Scheme—Other Crooked Work Coming Up.

Sheriff Nelson last night had a long interview with Kelly Frazee, but the slick crook would not say a word to implicate himself in the train wrecking business. "We worked Scott," said Frazee, "and got about \$50 out of him."

"How about your counterfeit operations?" said the sheriff.

"Well, that's all right, my boy. Let's put that with the train wrecking and say we know nothing about it. I don't wreck trains or shove the queer. My forte is faro."

The sheriff tells us that Frazee was in the habit of going against the "tiger," and his face is familiar in gaming rooms here. Some time ago Frazee came to town and put \$10 in the First National bank, receiving a certificate of deposit. The next day he called and said he lost the certificate and wanted the money. The bank officials did not do that kind of business and later a well-known gambler appeared and presented the paper duly endorsed by Frazee. Mr. Nelson was told of the affair but Frazee left the city.

The fellow has as yet employed no counsel and is not likely to as he only says he can prove he was at Logansport the night of the Wabash wreck. His preliminary examination occurs before Justice Ryan Monday, and then Scott will testify against his accomplice.

**THE PILGRIM.**  
What He Seen and Heard in His Peregrinations and Perambulations About Town.

The young lady who wrote a poem on "The beautiful snow," is hereby notified that it was frozen en route to the office, and she is respectfully requested to call and show it out.

Bald heads are reflective. Reflective objects must be light. Possibly it is for this reason that the front rows will be reserved for the bald heads at the anatomical show to-night.

There is a citizen of Fort Wayne who for three years has bought tickets to nearly every drawing in the Louisiana lottery and he has not yet drawn a cent. "I have invested \$113 in lottery tickets without one cent's return," he said in a conversation the other day.

"Just let me catch him—drat him, and I'll teach him something," exclaimed an irate individual, pounding his sides with his hands to promote circulation, last Thursday.

"Catch who?" asked the Pilgrim.

"The idiot who prophesied that this would be an open winter."

The church bells may ring out an invitation to attend religious services, but in these days when a Waterbury watch can be bought for a trifle the Pilgrim suggests that the watch will be as effective and not half so noisy. The clanging of a half a hundred bells is anything but soothing to the pain-racked invalid.

"There was a very sad thing in connection with the recent railroad strike which the newspapers have not mentioned," remarked an old printer to the Pilgrim.

"Really, what is it?"

"The annoyance to professional tourists."

"I don't understand," said the perplexed Pilgrim.

"The tramps. Freight trains were not running and the walking was miserably bad."

"We failed in getting two accessions to our church by ecclesiastical technicalities, as it were," remarked a Fort Wayne clergyman to the Pilgrim yesterday. "One became a brother-in-law to the church, that is his wife joined, and he was also to become a member. He asked for financial aid and when it was refused he said he would go to a church which would support him. The other was under conviction. I know he was by the way he acted. But he came to the church one night and left before the congregation was dismissed and took the preacher's overshoes with him. I saw him on Calhoun street afterwards and he had the same shoes on. They were too big for him and were fastened on by a string tied over the ankles. By the way, I see a morning paper says that Sister Woodworth is a Methodist. I wish you would correct that statement. She belongs to what is known as the 'Church of God.'"

Said a young lady prominent in Fort Wayne society, "It may be wicked, but I do hate to see young ladies from a distance visiting in our city."

"Why," said the astonished Pilgrim.

"There are so few young men here who ever make society calls at the best," she replied, "and strange ladies receive all those calls, while we home girls are totally neglected. I don't mean to say that the company of strangers is any more acceptable to the company of the young men, who only call because they think it is a duty due the visitors, but I mean that the young men whose company we would like make so few evening calls at best that I would hate to see them monopolized by aliens. The fact of the matter is," she added reflectively, "it is only the dukes who make a practice of visiting regularly. Other young men are too much occupied with their business to waste time visiting the ladies."

Standing in a leading book store on Calhoun street shortly before Christmas the Pilgrim noticed that nearly one half of the customers purchased books. Closer observation revealed the fact, however, that most of the purchases were of volumes designed expressly for gifts, and whose merits consisted in gaudy bindings and profuse illustrations rather than in excellence of contents. In a subsequent conversation he asked the proprietor if they had a reliable trade in standard literary works.

"You would be surprised at the small number of people who buy works of standard literature outside of novels," he replied. "There are an hundred citizens in Fort Wayne who boast of what they call libraries and a number of those don't know whether Chaucer was a poet or an essayist, or whether Huxley is a scientist or an historian. I have had men tell me that they wanted a certain history to complete their libraries and when asked whose history they wanted would reply, 'Oh, any one, it don't make any difference.'"

"The worst feature about it though," he continued, "is the trade in story papers and blood and thunder literature."

Would you believe that I sell over 2,000 illustrated weeklies containing nothing but trashy love stories, and more than that number of detective and Indian stories every week. Well I do. There is scarcely a school boy in town who don't read such stuff. Taking these figures as a basis and presuming the other stores do as much in proportion, you can get a fair idea of what a large number of our citizens feel their brains with. No wonder that there is such a thing as mental atrophy, is it?"

"It would be well," said the editor-in-chief of the *Sentinel*, yesterday, to the Pilgrim, "in view of the fact that it is one month till the anniversary of George Washington's birthday, to interview prominent citizens upon the subject of celebrating that event. Acting upon that suggestion the Pilgrim obtained the following:

Judge Hensch. "George Washington, eh? O, yes. You mean the man I sent up for stealing horses. By referring to the docket you will get the exact date."

Mayor Zollinger. "Great lobbyist was Washington. In fact I got some of my ideas about lobbying from him. But don't give it away. Celebrate, of course."

Henry Colerick. "Knew George, well. Used to call him George for short. What, dead? You don't say. When's the funeral?"

Deacon Keil. "Celebrate by all means. George Washington was a very truthful man; very truthful, indeed. It was his well-known veracity that inspired me to have painted upon the United States mail wagon that the *Gazette* is the leading newspaper of North-eastern Indiana."

Colonel John Scott. "What'll you have? Bar-keeper set 'em out. I tell you as a friend, young man, if you want to celebrate Washington's birthday do it in the Temple. Best place in town; and, seeing as it's you, will throw bill posting in without extra charge."

Auditor Griebel, in a whisper. "S-a-s-h-h. Don't ever divulge it. I have got his hatbox."

Hon. Robert Bell. "Speaking of George Washington reminds me of a little anecdote. When I was south—hey? Hold on there! Dash the fellow, he has gone."

Treasurer Dalman. "Don't know him. You might find his name on the delinquent tax-list."

Marshal Meyer. Name seems kinder familiar. Never on the force, was he?"

We will celebrate.

**The Quaker in Poetry.**  
- R. Hamilton, manufacturer of the "Ball Dog" ping tobacco of Louisville, has in his service an artist. He frequently sends his business communications in poetical form, but of late has been silent. John Mohr noticed this fact, and in a recent letter inquired for the "laureate." The following reply came:

In "figures" of speech the poet deals with license long assigned him, And, brought into his last "account," His works off live behind him.

The cashier, too, oft "makes a deal" With cash that is consigned him; "Far-fetched" his figures often are, Unless the experts mind him.

Unlike the poet, when he leaves, He nothing leaves behind him— "Another cashier has gone wrong!" "In Canada you'll find him."

**Complimentary to Mr. Colerick.**  
The *Gazette* says: "Mr. Henry Colerick regards with supreme disdain the bitter attack on him by a city paper. The railroad boys are all his friends just the same."

The *Advocate* says: "Hon. Henry Colerick has been at Indianapolis working in the interest of the railroad boys. The boys will repay him in the future—they never forget a friend."

T. G. Fish, of the Olds wagon works, left last evening for Chicago. He will visit his family at Racine, Wis., before his return.

Try Jones' \$2 Cab. Photos, warranted.

**ASKED TO WALK.**  
George S. Fowler and a Friend Run Into a Great Railroad Official and Have Their Passes Picked.

The Union Association of Ohio lumbermen recently held a meeting at Springfield, preparatory to making a tour of the Michigan lumber regions. Among those present were George S. Fowler, of this city, now traveling for the Grand Rapids road, and Guy D. Alexander, a Chicago patron of the road. The excursion party arranged to go to Michigan, and the Toledo *Dec* tells the rest of the story: "When the tickets for the complimentary excursion which had been tendered the association by the Indiana, Bloomington and Western, Wheeling and Lake Erie, Michigan and Ohio, and Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan railroads to Muskegon and return were distributed, both Mr. Alexander and Mr. Fowler, were supplied. Neither had intended to go on the excursion, but they finally decided to accept the courteous invitation which the tickets bore, and accordingly arrived in Toledo with the party yesterday afternoon. Right here it may be stated in parenthesis that the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, which Mr. Fowler represents, is a competitor to some extent of the M. and O., and the lumber company represented by Mr. Alexander is one of its best patrons. When the excursion train reached Toledo, Mr. Bernard McHugh, the general freight and passenger agent of the M. and O., politely informed these gentlemen that their company could be dispensed during the balance of the trip. It is needless to say that the gentlemen were very much surprised at being so unceremoniously bounced from the party, and upon stating the cause to a number of the members of the association, the latter expressed the greatest indignation and were on the point of refusing themselves to continue the trip. Messrs. Alexander and Fowler would not hear of this, however, and promising to join the party in Muskegon, left their company, proceeding on their journey via Detroit, at 5 o'clock last evening."

**Miss Stella Lawrence Benefits.**  
Following is the program of the complimentary concert to be given by Miss Stella Lawrence and other well known local talent to-night, at the First Baptist church:

1. Quartet..... Selected  
2. Cello solo—"Romance"..... Götterman  
3. Gypsy Countess.....  
4. Solo—"Waiting" with violin accompaniment..... Millard  
5. Recitation—"Palmer of Seville"..... Miss Maggie Bittenger  
6. Violin solo—"Fantasia"..... Vioucomp  
7. Solo—"The Message"..... Blumenthal  
8. Solo—"Moonlight on the Danube".....  
9. Solo..... Miss Ida Kollogg..... Selected  
10. Trio—Good Night..... Mrs. Northrop, Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Lawrence.

The *Democrat* says: "Miss Alice Coombe, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Fort Wayne, spent Sunday in this city, the guest of Misses Studabaker."

**PYKE'S GROCERY.**  
80 CALHOUN ST.

Rockfort Cheese, Edam Cheese, Vermont Maple Syrup, Pennsylvania Buckwheat, Strictly Pure Jams, Boston Brown Bread, Stuffed Olives, Dunfee's Hams (none equal), Dunfee's Breakfast Bacon, Coffee roasted fresh every day, and nothing but the best.

4-27-14

**DRIVES**  
—ON—  
**MEN'S, BOYS, YOUTH'S AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.**

No presents, but splendid value on new goods and an unpareled assortment to select from. Remember our inducement is "Rock Bottom" value.

**Friend's Enterprize!**  
ONE RICE TO ALL. 26 CALHOUN ST.

N. B.—Do not forget, we are the Leading Merchant Tailoring House in the city, Aug 16-20-14



**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Headache, Chills and Fevers, and Nervousness.

It is an infallible remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Pleasants, peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—other iron medicines do. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves heartburn and flatulence, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by J. C. F. BROWN, CHICAGO, ILL.

**The Daily Sentinel.**

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1885.

**Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 8.**

This is to certify that THE **FORT WAYNE SENTINEL** and the **Fort Wayne Gazette** are the only newspapers in the city of Fort Wayne that are members of the Western Associated Press.

O. L. PERRY,  
Manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office.

**LOCAL NEWS.**

The Celebrated  
Kennedy Crackers,  
Sold only at the  
**YANKEE GROCERY.** [24-1m]

\$2 Cab. Photos, at Hamilton gallery.  
Try Jones' \$2 Cab. Photos, warranted.  
\$2 Cab. Photos, at Hamilton gallery.  
Pictures copied and enlarged at Jones'.

A woman in Ohio gave \$1,000 to a faith cure doctor who at once disappeared. She was cured—for her faith.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism. This is abundant reason for belief that it will cure you. Try it.

Kitty Lambert, a South Bend trotting mare, that cost \$1,500 has been sold in Chicago for \$500.

He died of rheumatism and she raised a monument for his sake. St. Jacobs Oil would have cured his ache.

Ally Hancock was found guilty of horse stealing at Anderson, and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

Quick doctors, electric belt and other swindlers who live by frightening our young men and young women by nasty cures, will find their occupations gone when it becomes generally known that Dr. Guyton's Yellow Root and Sarsaparilla is a certain cure for all weakness of the urinary organs, nervousness, etc.

Obey the laws of health, take a few bottles of this simple remedy and you will soon be restored to perfect manhood and womanhood, free from all worry of mind and distress of body.

Judgments aggregating \$55,877.15 have been rendered against the banking firm of Hyatt, Loving & Co., of Washington.

Buy B. H. Douglass & Son's Capsicum Cough Drops for your children; they are harmless, pleasing to the taste and will cure their colds. D. S. and trade mark on every drop.

In relation to the ventilation of bedrooms Horace Mann used to say that since the atmosphere was forty miles deep all round the globe, it was useless to breathe it more than once.

Demosthenes, the Greek orator, cured his stammering by having his mouth full of pebbles, and many are the modern orators who have cured their stammering by an occasional dose of Dr. Bull's cough syrup.

Said a colored brother to one of the guests of a New York hotel the other day: "We allers have a more delectable lunch Monday than any other day."

A household friend. There is hardly a family in which accidents of some kind are not occurring daily. In order to be prepared for such emergencies, every household should have Pond's extract at hand. By its use immediate and sure relief is obtained. Its wonderful healing power for all kinds of cuts, bruises, swellings, sprains, scorches, pains, aches, etc., has been satisfactorily attested by thousands of testimonials received during the last fifty years. Go to your drugist and ask for Pond's extract. Take no substitute, but have the genuine article.

Bismarck says that "it was a long time before my poor mother could be persuaded that in hatching no she had not produced a gander."

A CAUTION.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. J. P. L. SMITH, 81a ion D, New York. aug12ed4wly

**PERSONAL MENTION.**

"Squire Cy Schaff, of Arcola, is in the city.

T. E. Ellison was at Indianapolis yesterday.

Judge L. M. Nindé was a guest of the Grand hotel, Indianapolis, yesterday.

Mrs. George W. W. Whiteacre, of Huntington, is the guest of Mrs. John Lillie, jr.

R. J. Fisher, treasurer of the Bass foundry and machine works, went to St. Louis last night.

Misses Ida and Jennie Kirkham, of this city, are guests of Misses Sarah and Emma Wilhelm, at Bluffton.

C. L. Gilbert, a teacher at Lima, Ohio, is in the city to visit his wife, who resides with her father, Dr. Fiser.

Mr. N. Evans and family, and Mrs. Mary Aaron Smith, of Reno, Nevada, are in the city the guests of Mrs. C. S. Knigt.

Win S. Bash left last night for San Antonio, Texas. En route home he will visit the New Orleans exposition and return with Mrs. Bash.

Miss Alice S. Hartman, a charming young lady of Gilman, Iowa, arrived in the city to-day and will be the guest of her cousin, Deputy County Clerk Souder. Miss Hartman has been on an extended eastern trip visiting relatives.

George Cordner, D. W. Lawrence, A. H. Levy, W. W. Ward, New York; L. C. Pease, Columbus, Ohio; S. W. Baird, Portsmouth; O. R. Clark and lady, New York; A. J. Webster, James E. Conlter, mayor of Hicksville, John M. Sommers, Waterloo; H. P. Gudon and J. Schloss, Baltimore; L. C. Colton, Pleasant Lake, are at the Aveline house.

George W. Latley, Cincinnati; Hugh Hughes, Galion, Ohio; F. H. Rupert, Indianapolis; C. R. Hutchinson, Cold Water, Mich.; W. R. Cheney, Hicksville; R. L. Pratt, Rochester, and twenty-two members of the "Adamless Eden" party, are at the Moyer house.

L. O. Graves, Winamac, Ind.; F. C. Kellogg, Rochester, N. Y.; W. H. Lamb, Mass.; S. S. Richardson, Broughton; J. J. Knox, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Martin, Bluffton; Mrs. Gardner, Bluffton; G. W. Wasson, York, Pa.; H. R. Ramsey, Chicago, and David B. Wilson, Lexington, Ky., are at the Robinson.

**THE COURT HOUSE.**

Daily Record of Litigation in Various Courts and the News of the County Offices.

The circuit court will not be in session next week.

John Valentine has sued John B. Meadams et al. to quiet title to real estate.

Treasurer Dalman received this morning from the state treasurer \$25,592.04 for school fund purposes.

The case of Leykauf vs. Shuman was heard yesterday and Judge Hench will give his decision next Monday.

Oscar A. Higgins has sued O. L. Starkey & Co. to recover \$300. W. P. Breen appears for the plaintiff.

County orders affect up to the first of December, 1883, amount to \$204,641.17; and the county fund on hand is \$25,000.

The will of C. G. Robbins was probated yesterday. W. P. Breen is appointed executor and filed a bond of \$1,400.

Allen county has paid \$1,202.42 to the state for the keeping of our pauper inmates at the benevolent institutions at Indianapolis.

Judge Hench has fixed the following cases for trial next week: Laughor administrator vs. Woodworth, January 26; Zeller et al vs. Kiser, January 27; France vs. Carrol, January 27; Bruebach vs. Nathan, January 28.

In the superior court this morning Judge John Morris, for Dave Robinson, filed a cross-complaint in the suit for divorce brought by his wife. David sets up a general denial to the charges made by his wife and cites as a reason for their last separation that Mrs. Robinson put her hands in soap suds and then lovingly put them about David's neck, to squeeze him. He objected to this kind of courtship, and says so in a forcible way. David wanted no soap suds love in his. The complaint of Mrs. Robinson cites that her husband is worth \$8,100 and she wants half of it. He also gets \$24 a month pension money. David offers to give his wife a divorce, \$1,000 and a cow if she will quit.

Jacob R. Evans, a well known merchant of Lancaster, Pa., adds his testimony to thousands of others. He writes: "For several years past I have been subject to severe and acute rheumatism, and notwithstanding I had taken everything I could hear of, I grew still worse, till this winter. Hearing of the virtues of Mitchell's Herb Bitters, I determined to purchase a bottle of it, and it afforded me great pleasure in recommending it to the public as a sure and safe medicine."

Mr. SMITHMAN, of Boston, is not an invincible pugilist, after all the boasts that have been made for him, and his recent experience will perhaps teach him to let Chicago's distinguished opponent of the manly art alone, and content himself with the proud fame to be won from knocking down inoffensive waiter girls.

**SAINTS AND SINNERS.**

The Places Where All May Unite in Singing Praises Unto the Giver of all Good.

Services at the Congregational church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. All are invited.

Third Presbyterian church, Rev. S. S. Marks pastor, communion services to-morrow at 10:40 a. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. No evening service.

Services at the Christian chapel, corner of Griffith and Jefferson streets, by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. All are invited.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webber, rector. Services Sunday, Jan. 25, 1885. Holy communion, 8 a. m., a visible Christianity, 10:45; service and sermon, Subject, "A Guide to the Church and its Services," 4 p. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m. All cordially invited.

To-morrow morning at 10:30 the services at Grace church conducted by the pastor, will be commemorative of the amazing death of the Savior. The Lord's supper will be administered at this service. Services in the evening also. To both services a cordial invitation is extended to all.

The masses of non church goers will receive the heartiest and most welcome greetings at the Baptist church services to-morrow morning and evening. Song service of fifteen minutes previous to the evening sermon. Come with your friends. Invite your neighbors. Let the Lord's house be full.

**LATE LOCAL NEWS.**

The Fort Wayne Building and Loan association directors met last night to award the loans bid for at their monthly meeting.

Engineer A. Johnson, of the Pittsburgh, went east on train No. 4 yesterday morning to meet his estimable wife who is visiting friends in Ohio.

Next week Prosecuting Attorney Dawson will begin to foreclose state tax liens on delinquent property, as section 6,491 of the act of 1881 directs him to do.

Joe Slater has been appointed foreman of the blacksmith shop at the Bass foundry and machine works. Joe is an old Fort Wayne boy and a good mechanic.

The county commissioners met this afternoon and selected Dr. K. K. Wheelock secretary of the county board of health at the magnificent salary of \$50 a year. Last year Dr. H. V. Swearingen received \$320.

Judge O'Rourke granted judgments in the circuit court this afternoon as follows: Jacob Strauss vs. Mary Keck et al \$116.96; L. C. Paine vs. Fred Reiter et al \$2,275.89; Charles F. Pfeiffer vs. Bennett B. Evans, \$114.

On account of the rush of business several extra gangs of men are working in the Pittsburgh round house getting out engines. Freight business is booming, thirty six trains going out about every twenty-four hours.

The Pittsburgh machinists are having work piled on them. An engine came here from Dunkirk yesterday for repairs and the men are turning tires for locomotive driving wheels for the Muncie road. Engine 202 left the shop to-day after Foreman Barney Fitzpatrick put her through the test.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Edmund trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank. They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

**WELL HERE'S YOUR PICNIC!**

The Magnificent Stock of

**MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, ETC.,**

Of the Late Firm of Sam, Pete & Max,

**WILL BE CLOSED OUT AT ONCE**

At the Sheriff's Appraisement.

**THE STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,**

**M. KOCH, Proprietor.**

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O. M. Dawson, the prosecuting attorney for this county, returned from Indianapolis to-day. At a meeting of the prosecuting attorneys of the state last Thursday, Mr. Dawson was honored by being elected to the presidency of the association. Every county in the state was represented and no more brilliant legal assembly ever met. Our Mort can shine over all and they recognize the fact.

It will be remembered that shortly after the collision at the Nickel Plate-Grand Rapids junction, west of the city, Engineer W. W. Skidmore was indicted. He skipped, but returned to testify in the late Ellison case and was put under \$500 bonds to appear in court for trial for criminal neglect. He did not appear during this term of court, consequently his bond was declared forfeited by Judge O'Rourke who will compel his sureties, R. C. Bell, S. L. Morris and Charles McCulloch, to pay that amount into court or produce their man for trial and the custody of the sheriff. Skidmore is charged with criminal carelessness in running his engine into the Grand Rapids train.

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays a pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. **Locadwly.**

**Rheumatism Quickly Cured.**

There has never been a medicine for rheumatism introduced in Fort Wayne that has given such universal satisfaction as Duran's Rheumatic Remedy. It stands out alone as the one great remedy that actually cures this dread disease. It is taken internally and never has and never can fail to cure the worst case in the shortest time. It has the endorsement and recommendation of many leading physicians in this state and elsewhere. It is sold by every druggist at \$1. Write for free 40 page pamphlet to H. K. Holphenine, druggist, Washington, D. C. Nov 21 daw-1m

**Picture copied and enlarged at Jones'.**

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**AN ORDINANCE**

To license exhibitions of skating given in the city of Fort Wayne.

Sec. 1. Be it ordained by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne that any person giving an exhibition of skating in any room, building, pavilion or enclosure, at which any fee of admission shall be directly or indirectly charged, shall first obtain from said city a license so to do, at the following rate: for one year twenty-five dollars and fees, and for a less period than one year five dollars per month and fees.

Sec. 2. Any person violating any provision of this ordinance shall upon conviction forfeit and pay a fine to said city of not less than one dollar nor more than one hundred dollars.

Sec. 3. This ordinance shall be in force and take effect from and after its due publication. Done at the council chamber of said city this 23rd day of December 1884.

C. A. ZOLLINGER, Mayor.

Attest: W. W. ROCKHILL, Clerk. 24-2v

**A POSITIVE CURE.**

The most obstinate case in four days or less.

**Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.**

No numerous doses of emetics, cathartics or oil of turpentine. No certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coating of the stomach. No danger of injury to the rectum. No expense of price. For further particulars send for circular.

J. C. ALLAN, CO., 65 John St., New York.

**INDEX**

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If you want an Oil Portrait, try Jones.

\$15 to \$30 each. See samples.

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**Rheumatism**

We don't if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had."

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"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others."

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and causes me to make me over."

J. T. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold."

J. B. JAMESON, 136 Bank Street, New York City.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**

**A. FOSTER**

The Tailor, 15 W. Wayne, St.,

Has just received a full line of West of England Broadcloths, Beavers, Duckings, Meltons and all the staple goods which judgment and good taste could require.

**An Excellent Fit Always Guaranteed.**

September 1-1y

**Gentle Women**

Who want glossy, luxuriant and wavy tresses of abundant, beautiful hair must use LYON'S KATHALION. This elegant, cheap article always makes the hair grow freely and fast, keeps it from falling out, arrests and cures grayness, removes dandruff and itching, makes the hair strong, giving it a curling tendency and keeping it in any desired position. Beautiful, healthy hair is the sure result of using Kathalion.

**A POSITIVE CURE.**

The most obstinate case in four days or less.

**Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.**

No numerous doses of emetics, cathartics or oil of turpentine. No certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coating of the stomach. No danger of injury to the rectum. No expense of price. For further particulars send for circular.

J. C. ALLAN, CO., 65 John St., New York.

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FOR RENT—Brick house of seven rooms, No. 19 Baker street. Inquire at No. 121 Calhoun St. 20-1v

FOR RENT—Rooms—A few gentlemen can find pleasant accommodations at 124 East Berry street. Charges reasonable. 20-1v

**WANTED.**

WANTED—Good and reliable help to fill first-class positions, general housework and sewing. Apply at Ladies Employment Bureau, 125 Griffith St., south of Jefferson St. school. Fri-Sat-4-10t

WANTED—Four or five good agents to sell A. S. and useful articles, 100 per cent profit. Address, this week, H. N. Rowe, or call on me and see the article, at St. Charles hotel, between 4 and 5 o'clock p. m., No. 222 Calhoun street. 21-2v

WANTED—To sell a two-story frame dwelling house on Madison ave. in good condition and repair; price, \$1,200. See D. C. Fisher. 21-2v

WANTED—All persons to know that you can get books bound in the style and on short notice at the Sentinel office. 21-2v

WANTED—A purchaser for a good two-story frame dwelling house, with eight rooms, good well, cistern, etc.; all in good condition, with good stable annexed; fine lot on Madison avenue; price \$2,500. Inquire of D. C. Fisher. 21-2v

**FOR SALE.**

FOR SALE—One and a half story frame dwelling house on Poplar street; good well, cistern, fruit, etc.; price, \$1,200. Inquire upon D. C. Fisher. 21-2v

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FOR SALE—House and lot on Taylor street. Price \$1,000. Call on D. C. Fisher. 21-2v

FOR SALE—Old papers at this office. 21-2v

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F. L. JONES & CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

Office and works at 50 Pearl street. Central Office at

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Our wagons will call for and deliver goods to any part of the city free of charge. aug2-4t

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Work first class and at reasonable rates.

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O. O. DANNER, Proprietor, Aug 17, '84-ly Fort Wayne, Ind.

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The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRO-APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Dec. 17ed4wly.

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Office Corner of Calhoun and Columbia street, Over Graff's Jewelry Store.

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